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than one story practically does not exist in Hungary outside the towns and, even in the towns, the suburbs usually follow the village pattern. Nearly all of them are white-washed, a plain surface without ornamentation. (The Germans of the Danube valley like a yellow wash, the Slavs draw a band of blue above the earth level, the Rumanians often go in for gay frescoes.) Each of them stands, usually narrow end on to the street, in its own courtyard, with the stables and barns at the back. A verandah runs along the side which faces the yard. The village churches, too, are almost all of a pattern. Except in some of the towns, and in a few sheltered corners near the western frontier, all the older buildings were destroyed in the Turkish wars, and the village church to-day is practically always a plain yellow building of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, varying only in size or in the possession of one or of two bulbous towers.

THE COMMUNAL PASTURE AND POND. Common to almost all Hungary, too, are the grazing-grounds outside each village, with the typical 'Gémkut' or crane-well, standing above the trough at which the cattle are watered. The 'Gémkut' consists of a rough pole, twelve or fifteen feet high, and ending in a fork. In this is balanced another log, with a chain at each end. From one chain hangs a bucket, which is dipped into the well or trough, while the other is used, lever-wise, to raise or lower the bucket. Horses and cattle are driven out in the morning and grazed communally, often by dashing young men, who summon their charges

1. [Hungarian cottages.--Analyst]

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from each courtyard by a great fanfare on peculiar long trumpets of traditional shape. The swine, even more numerous, are usually in charge of an older man, but he, too, has his trumpet and his special call; and horse, cow or pig knows without error not only which tune he must obey in the morning, but also into which courtyard he must turn in the evening as the cavalcade proceeds down the village street, its guardian behind it, in a great cloud of dust. Only the geese, which are entrusted to the charge of little girls (the story of the goose-girl at the well surely originated in Hungary) are not woken by special music, which they supply by their own cackling. The communal pasture outside each village and the huge pond in the middle of it, with its geese and ducks, are common to nearly every Hungarian village throughout the country.

NATURE OF THE SOIL. There is much uniformity, too, in the cultivation. Huge fields of wheat or maize meet the eye everywhere. Nearly all the Hungarian soil is of the same type; a porous loess, which hardens in the higher areas to a dusty limestone, and crumbles in the flats into a loose sand. Through this there run comparatively few rivers, although those few—the Danube, the Tisza and their tributaries—are large and very important for the life of the country. Apart from them, water does not run in small streams, but collects in lakes and ponds, large or small, whence it eventually soaks its way underground to join the rivers. Thus in the plain it is rare to find a spring on or near the surface; on the other hand, almost anywhere

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Pest faces it. It had a fine façade of fashionable hotels and cafés. Behind these the great city stretched out, first in a dense commercial quarter, then in an endless string of dreary factory suburbs. The whole city, including the satellite towns of 'Greater Pest', had a population of well over a million. It had some fine modern buildings, as well as some very ugly ones, but little that was worth seeing.

THE ALFÖLD. Beyond the outskirts of Pest begins the Alföld—the Great Plain proper of Hungary, an enormous expanse cut in two by the sluggish waters of the Tisza, but possessing few other natural features and, in the main, as flat as Norfolk. It is the home of everything that is commonly regarded as most characteristic and most romantic in Hungarian life. On its empty horizons the Fata Morgana (the Hungarian 'délibab') dances when the sunshine is hot. On such of the empty spaces as have not yet been put under the plough, the old Hungarian life may still be seen. Enormous herds of the ancient Hungarian cattle, which tradition avers the old Magyars to have brought with them from the East—lean, grey beasts, with huge horns and dark, gentle eyes—roam the plains in the charge of wild cowboys (*csikos*) in elaborate sheepskin cloaks. There are plains where the great bustard breeds and marshes haunted by the stork, the crane, the egret and all manner of exotic wild fowl. But in the main, the old life is dying out; where it is still preserved, as on the famous Hortobágy, west of Debreczen, it is chiefly as a museum piece, for the benefit of tourists. Most of the country has been brought under normal cultivation.